

NORWEGIAN COSTUMES.

The Originals of Many Modern Novelties—Norwegian National Music.

Here, as all over the world now, French cooking prevails, and there is that general and deplorable tendency to let the old customs be laid aside, and all meet on the plane of the one commonplace and universal. The peasants give up their picturesque old dresses of gay homespun clothes and linens, because a plain bodice and skirt of some factory goods can be bought much cheaper and the carved wood and old silver table pieces are replaced by other machine made and electro plated stuffs. One has only to look at the colored plates in the best of Norwegian costumes to see what picturesqueness there used to be, when every church parish had its own particular dress. Modern Paris can offer no greater variety in the cut of vests and open bodices than these old costumes display, and in buttons and clasps Norway is still supreme.

Among these costumes that were worn without change of fashion for centuries one often finds the originals of modern novelties. The old Hallingdall women wore the Mother Hubbard dress for generations, the same loose skirt gathered to a high yoke that was fashion's raging fancy in America only a few years since. And in the olden times, in parts of Sweden, the peasant woman's black woolen skirts have always been pressed and steamed into plaits, exactly after the manner of the accordion skirts that were introduced as novelties a few years since. At Bergen more particularly, one can buy dolls habited in these various costumes, and if some charitable association wanted to get up a charming and novel fête, a Norwegian fair could be easily managed, with pretty girls in the different costumes, with peasant dolls and aprons for sale, some Norwegian dishes on the supper room menu, and Norwegian folk songs given in chorus.

The best of all collections of Norwegian national music is "The Norway Music Album," published in the United States by the Dittsons. That genius and patriot, Ole Bull, who stands as the foremost figure in Norwegian art, had a hand in making suggestions and looking over this collection made by Professor Rasmus Anderson. It is full of pretty choruses and part songs, and the bridal processions, the spring dances and the Hallingdall measures are given from every district. Agile youths might do one of the sixteen Hallingdalls, or essay the spring dance, were he must kick one of the carved beams of the dancing hall. A Norwegian fair might easily equal the Hungarian fair that was one of the great successes of the London season.—"Ruhmah's" Norway Letter in Globe-Democrat.

The Onion for Insomnia.

The onion is as staple a comestible in Spain and in the south of France as the beefsteak is in New York. To judge from the frequency of its appearance at the street fruit stands, it is getting to be popular here, too. Formerly, when I had a fancy for a Bohemian supper of Spanish onions and cheese, I had to seek the town for the vegetable comestible to my feast. Now every Italian harrow man and corner curbstone merchant displays it as part of his stock, and it is as common at the most pretentious fruiterers' as pears or pippins. The Spanish onion varies in size from that of a baseball to a baby's head, and the bigger it is the sweeter it is. It requires some education and plenty of salt to be able to do it like the apple, as the Spaniard's do, but it is even to the uninitiated a not unsavory morsel, and is especially popular with people who suffer from sleeplessness. On one occasion a very eminent theatrical artist of my acquaintance surprised us over a banquet of onion, cheese and beer, and as he complained of suffering from insomnia, we prescribed several liberal slices of the biggest onion for him. He ate with an abundant appetite, when I asked him next day if he had not slept well after his supper.

"I could have slept," he replied, "but my wife wouldn't let me, and she talked this morning of applying for a divorce. Single men may, however, apply the treatment without fear. A double dose of laudanum is nothing beside it."—Alfred Trumble in New York News.

In the Midst of Turkish Life.

When we step upon the bridge we are in the midst of Turkish life. There are stands full of bread, cakes, sweets, toys, etc., as the case may be, and which are movable, for one often meets the owner of a shop with it on his head, and calling in the most doleful tone something that sounds like "Ha, a," or "ou." These men dress in the queerest fashion, and have the appearance as though their clothes had been thrown on and strapped down and left there for years. I doubt if they could ever get these rags on again so as to cover their bodies if they were so foolishly as to attempt the task of taking them off. Those who do, however, work wear a very thin shirt, generally open in front. Many of them have a species of leather cushion attached to their back, and then carry such loads as trunks, heavy barrels, etc., indeed, so heavy that they bend until their bodies are at right angles with their legs.

Such beggars as we saw here! Just such as we have read about, but never dreamed to be so low. Most of them have their eyes put out, in order to appear the more pitiful, and then sit or wander about, muttering to you or following along in hope of securing alms. No one pays them any attention, for all know how unworthy they are. In the country it is not uncommon for them to break their children's legs, and then allow them to grow crooked, or cut off their hands or put out their eyes, then dress them in the worst rags possible and send them to the city to beg.—Constantinople Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

The Emperor's Trout.

Emperor William, of Germany, has three physicians always in attendance. Von Lohr, physician-in-chief of the imperial staff, Leuthold and Firman. Whenever his majesty is indisposed these three physicians hold a consultation. The emperor is fond of fish, but as sea fish is difficult of digestion he lives to a large extent on trout. In order to meet the imperial want in this respect a species of trout has been introduced from California in the river on the land of the grand duke of Baden.—Chicago Tribune.

A Patient's Gratitude.

During the cholera epidemic in Nashville, Tenn., the late Dr. Bowling attended an old blind negro, who asked out an existence by playing the flute at the street corners. He recovered, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude he took his flute and sat under the doctor's bedroom window and played it the whole night long. Of all the large fees he ever received the doctor said this was the largest.—Medical Record.

writing for the Magazines. Writers are much better paid than they used to be—the rate varying from \$10 to \$25, sometimes \$30, per 1,000 words; the highest figures being those of the two monthlies. But even these scarcely allure a writer who must depend on other work to earn a livelihood. Contributing to magazines is a narrow field at best, and he who is industrious will be likely to fill his position for a year in a

month. The man or woman who shall produce ten or twelve articles a year, and get them published, would seem to get eternally in print, and would suffer in consequence from a reputation for nimblety. Writing for the magazines is sometimes spoken of as a trade; it may be a profession; it can hardly be a practice. One might as well talk of picking up gold eagles for a living. The majority of persons have never picked up a single eagle, and never will. To the majority of writers: Do not write for a magazine if you wish to avoid losing money; never publish a magazine; if you care to make money, never write for one.—Junius Henri Browne in Chicago Tribune.

MEXICAN BRIDALS.

The Costly Ceremonies Observed at the Expense of the Happy Groom.

The wonder is that anybody ever gets married in Mexico! Not only are there the dangers and difficulties of *sub rosa* courting, but matrimony means the expenditure of a great deal of money. According to the time-honored customs of the country, the prospective groom must furnish a home fully equipped for housekeeping before the wedding day, and must purchase all the bride's trousseau. Not a word is said about the dowry until at the civil ceremony, when agreements are drawn up as to how much will be the wife's portion on the death of her parents, for until their demise she will receive absolutely nothing. Even the white satin boots and the lingerie which she wears to the altar are gifts of the groom, every article of apparel she has previously owned being returned to her family.

The groom is also expected to make gifts to the bridesmaids, the bride's relatives and to all immediate friends, besides defraying the expenses of the wedding feast and subsequent festivities. And the old Spanish fashion is still sometimes indulged in by modern dons—of equal pride though far less wealthy than their titled ancestors—during the ride from church when first made happy benedictions, or later from the balcony of the conjugal *casa*, to scatter coin among the cheering and scrambling populace, as a farmer sows his grain.

Notwithstanding all the passionate love-making of the Mexican Juliets, I am sorry to say that most of them are sad firts. It frequently happens that a girl has two or three admirers, who are all "playing the bear" to her (as their peculiar style of outdoor courting is called) at the same time. If they chance to meet outside her window—as they are pretty sure to do, each being so constant in his attendance—"Quien quiere?"—"Whom do you wish to see?" If the answer indicates the same object, one will request the other to step aside, urging prior claims, etc. If he refuses, a duel follows, and the poor girl is bound by etiquette to relinquish them both. But in their blind and jealous rage the rival Romeos are quite as likely to settle the matter then and there with ever-present daggers or pistols; and—tragic though the end may be—she who can boast the greatest number of such mementos for her sake is pre-eminently the belle.

Despite the rigid seclusion in which these fair Mexicanas are kept, elopements are not unknown—but a Mexican elopement is not like any other under the sun. Perchance some devoted Romeo has been assiduously "sparkling"—at long range, so to speak, outside his Juliet's window, for a year, five years—even fifteen years, as I am told is sometimes the case; if, after all that expenditure of time, patience and guitar-playing, he is at last rejected by the obdurate parents, he can go to the nearest *Jefe Politico* and swear out a notice to the effect that the girl's happiness and his own is ruined by the father's heartlessness; and if he can induce the official to believe it (by offering sufficient bonus), he secures a warrant, which empowers him to take the damsel bodily from her parents' home.—*Fanatic B. Ward, in Milwaukee Sentinel.*

ADULTERATED DRINKS.

Fate of Two Parisians Who Dealt in Wine Made Without Grape Juice.

French wine merchants who complain of the manufacturers of Hamburg champagne and other German imitations of the juice of the grape sold under the name of noted French vintages, have evidently little to learn in the art of adulteration. Two of these gentlemen, named Linden and Margot, have just been tried for selling spurious wines, through commercial brokers, in public sales at Maceon, St. Julien, St. Emilion, etc. A public analyst gave evidence that the wines were not wine at all; they were a composition made with an infusion of dried raisins, colored with extract of coal tar. The defendants pleaded that they had sold the wines as they received them, and that the persons who had consigned the wines to them were well known. They also called as witnesses a number of wine-shop keepers, who declared that as wines go the defendants' wine was not worse than any other, on which the judge remarked that it was not saying much for the articles they sold. Some purchasers of the wine said that they believed in it because it was sold by a licensed broker. One of them consoled himself with the reflection that it mattered little as "People nowadays drank such muck!" And another said that the wine had an agreeable flavor of strawberries, but as it gave his children the gripes after they had drunk it, he poured it into the gutter. In spite of witnesses as to character, who spoke highly of the commercial integrity and honesty of the defendants, Linden was condemned to eight months' imprisonment and 1,000 francs fine and Margot to one month and 100 francs. The defendants were ordered jointly to bear the cost of posting twenty-five printed copies of the judgment.—*Galignani's Messenger.*

A woman in San Bernardino, Cal., recently sent some of her husband's clothing to a Chinese laundry. In a secret pocket of the clothes, unknown to her, had been put \$360 in greenbacks. John discovered the pocket and abstracted the money. He refused to return it, and a judge sent him to the penitentiary for one year.

DANGERS OF ETIQUETTE.

Why Bill Nye Has No Political Aspirations of a National Character.

I sincerely and honestly believe that the matter of official etiquette and precedence at Washington is becoming a matter of such grave importance, and holds so many elements of horror for those who might otherwise aspire to the chief office within the gift of the people, that it will ultimately be the means of keeping many a good man out of the presidential chair. It is, therefore, with the gravest apprehensions that I look forward to the time when our forests shall be denuded and our presidential chair deserted and unsquat upon.

What can be more desolate to the eye or more depressing to the heart than a forest devoid of trees or a presidential chair, worn smooth by past greatness and polished by sedentary power, deserted at last, with none to soothe its lacerated heart or woo the horse-hair back to its torn bosom?

We are prone to think now, because the elm, the oak, the chestnut and the hickory wave in the glad sunlight, that the day will never come when wood will be much sought after and our woodsheds a mockery. But that time may come before we are prepared for it. So, too, we may flatter ourselves that the day is far distant when help will be so scarce that we can not get a President easily at the salary we now pay; but what do we do to make the life of a President enjoyable? What home influences do we throw about him to make his lot more cheerful?

We spend our time and money in trying to brighten the hours of the felon, but we forget that the President of the United States is frequently more susceptible to kind treatment than the most gentle felon in all the land. We are prone to forget that the President of the United States was once pure as the beautiful snow.

Every year we add to the duties of the President without adding to his salary. Each year we call upon him to veto more bills than he did the year before, and while we do not add to his perquisites, we tread more and more chocolate-cake into his carpet and assure him that we are still tickled to see him.

A condition of things has already arrived where in the primary department of our schools the prospect of becoming President of the Republic in the bosom of the golden ultimately no longer draws. To become a contortionist or a pugilist might be an inducement in many cases, but to be a lonely, neglected President, doomed perhaps to get married during his term, patiently vetoing bills all the forenoon and then wringing the warty hands of a cynical constituency in the afternoon, then patiently borrowing dishes of a neighbor in order to give a state dinner or entertain the chairman of the board of supervisors from Costa Rica, will never again promote the industry among boys that it used to.

Perhaps other people haven't the strong repugnance for etiquette that seems to be inherent in my nature. I hope not. Etiquette is my *bete noire*. That is about all the *bete noire* I have had for years.

Whenever I am invited to any large doings where fair women and brave men in their other clothes are apt to congregate, I always inquire if there is to be any etiquette there. The presence of etiquette at an otherwise happy gathering has frequently debarred me from attending and compelled me to spend the evening with my family, where I could lay aside all restraint and my coat.

So, the life of a President, fraught as it is with the most virulent and malignant form of etiquette, would possess no charms for me, and I am not surprised that the boys of America refuse to rise as one man and be President, fearing very naturally that some time at a state dinner they might get the great men mixed up and have the error telegraphed and cabled right and left, or at some official festival and hurrah to a Plenipotentiary the wrong place might be assigned to the delegate-at-large from Farther India, and the wife of the clergyman from Sweden find herself drinking from the mustache-cup that properly belonged to the minister from Nova Scotia.

I am sure that I am not pessimistic or any thing of that kind when I say that etiquette is destined to make itself so prominent as a part of official life at Washington that a plain American citizen, with a small bag of sulphur tied around his neck and a consciousness of rectitude in his heart and a smooth potato in his pocket to keep off rheumatism, will be seen there no more!

Other nations have given themselves over to the false joys of etiquette, and where are they to-day? Empires, powers and principalities have in former times forgotten their duty to the common people in order that they might devote themselves to the R. S. V. P. and P. C. business, or that they might work a wedge of custard pie under a big red mustache by means of a four-tined fork, and where are they now? Other and more democratic nations, who drank their tea from a saucer with great satisfaction and a low, purring sound have conquered them.—*Bill Nye, in Chicago News.*

Paid to the Actors.

Before Henry E. Abbey went back to England he gave these figures from his books to indicate to what extent American people have paid to see celebrated actors under his management: Bernhardt, in 1880-1, \$200,347; Booth, in '81-2, \$288,000; Patti, '81-2, \$236,890; Nilsson, '82-3, \$208,809; Langtry, '83-4, \$253,500; Irving, '83-4, \$405,639; Irving, '84-5, \$390,000; Mary Anderson, '85-6, \$354,049; total in six seasons, \$2,525,334. Of course Patti and Nilsson sang comparatively few times, and the season of Bernhardt, Booth, Langtry, and Irving were short. Even allowing the usual leeway—most managers' estimate require it—the sum total is significant.—*New York Sun.*

—We have no objection to the man who rides a hobby—not even if he rides it to death. We only protest when he takes up the whole road with it.—*Philadelphia Call.*

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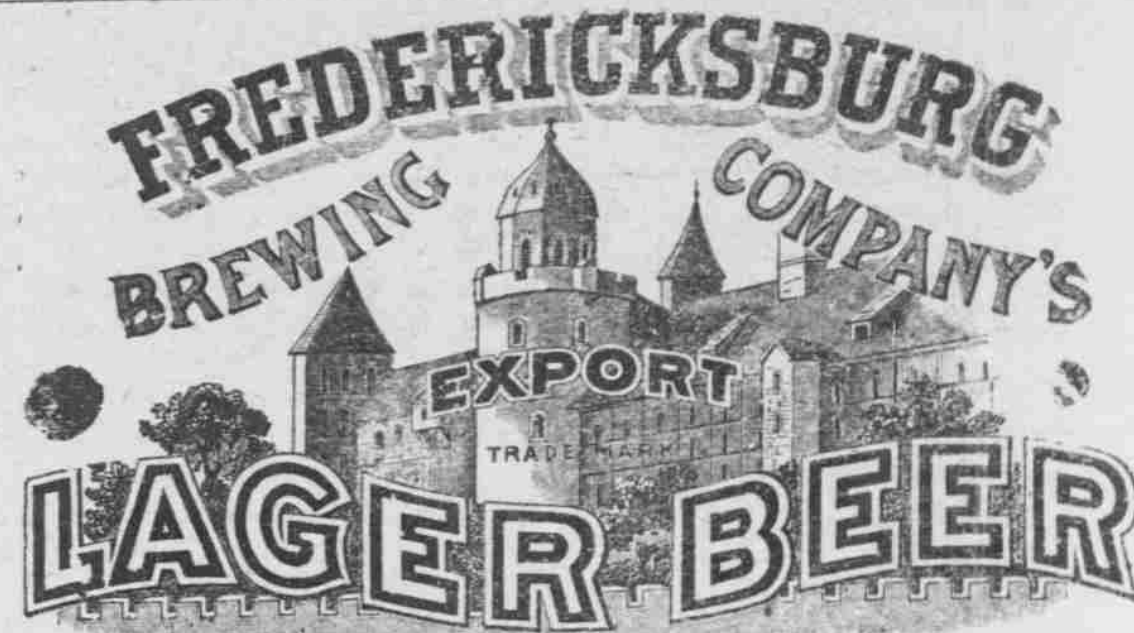
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